

THE WINCHESTER WEEKLY APPEAL.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER---DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM, EDUCATION---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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DEMOCRATIC FAIRNESS.

The following is clipped from the Democrat, published at Huntsville, Ala., as it serves to illustrate the disposition of some democratic orators in the discussion of party issues now before the people:

HUNTSVILLE, Aug. 18, 1856.

EDS. DEMOCRAT:—I observe in your paper of the 14th inst. a list of appointments, made by the Hon. W. L. Yancy, which concludes as follows:

"The Electors on the Know Nothing ticket for the State at large, or for the district in which I shall speak, are invited to a discussion of the pending issues. I reserve the right to conclude."

I am ready to meet Mr. Yancy at the times and places designated, but not upon the terms proposed.

The right to conclude every day is an advantage I do not feel willing to concede. If he will yield me the conclusion every other day, I will meet and travel with him through all his appointments.

Very respectfully,
JERE. CLEMENS.

A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards as he walked along he kept his eye fixed steadily on the ground in hopes of finding another. And in the course of a long time, he did pick up, at different times, a goodly number of coins, gold and silver. But all these years, while he was looking for them, he saw not that the heavens were bright above him and nature beautiful around him. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walked along.

THINK OF THAT.—The New Orleans Bee says:

"We really begin to think the Buchanan men of the South belong to the rule or ruin school of John C. Calhoun. They close their eyes and ears to the evidence of the impossibility of electing their favorite, and seem doggedly bent upon placing the South under the heel of the oppressor, if they cannot make Mr. Buchanan President."

"Think of that fellow citizens, without the slightest prospect of his getting a single Northern State, the Southern Democracy still persist in keeping him in the field. Was there ever such madness before?"

A young girl was recently taken before a Justice in Detroit, charged with larceny of \$94 from a laboring man in that city. The girl acknowledged that she had taken the money, and stated the circumstances that had influenced her to commit the crime. She said that the complainant had sometime since agreed to marry her, that for some weeks she "lived with him the same as his wife," and that he then left her. She followed him, however, and, upon his appearing reluctant to perform his promise, stole the money and deposited it in the savings bank, thinking he would marry her "to get it back." She proved right in her theory, for he manifested his willingness to comply her terms. They were to be married the following Tuesday; the money remaining in the hands of the Justice until the ceremony was performed. That girl should have her method of husband making patented immediately.

BUCHANAN IN NEW YORK.—The News, the Buchanan organ, is doleful over the prospect in that city. We quote:

"Every man is waiting patiently the tide of events, each asking the other what is going on. We can answer—nothing is going on. Everything and everybody is as still and cool as the snow-capped Alps, evidently waiting for an avalanche. Is there to be no action?"

Such action, or want of all action, is sickening and most discouraging. Where is our State Committee, and what is it about?—our County and Town Committees, where are they doing?

What are our own city organizations? nearly all equal to dead. If there is no head to give any direction, in the name of Heaven let the people take hold of it."

It is stated that the New Orleans Picayune divided \$90,000 profits last year, or 18,000 to each of the five partners.

THE SWELL-HEAD DISEASE.

This dreadful disease sometimes attacks horses and other animals, but men and boys are more subject to it, and with them it is more fatal.

CAUSE.—Vacuity in the cranium. It is often augmented by flattery, especially when the cerebrum is small and ill-shaped. Men of large information, however, are sometimes afflicted with it, in which case there is found an inordinate swelling in the upper region of the head, just back of the apex cranii. The protuberance is called self-esteem.

SYMPTOMS.—The poor creature usually fancies himself the biggest, smartest, best, and handsomest man in the crowd—loves the "uppermost seats in the synagogues"—is given to impudence, impertinence, and usually bad manners in company—is censorious and fond of finding and exposing the foibles of his associates—has few friends and no lovers, and has generally a bad odor to polite and well-bred people—given to swelling and strutting, as if in one moment he fancied himself a toad, and the next moment a turkey-cock. He is egotistic, and passionately fond of high-sounding titles, as 'Squire, Captain, Colonel, General, &c. The miserable patient is sometimes so infatuated as to attempt to stride the ocean, or jump over very high mountains. These are only a few symptoms of this malady, but enough to identify it.

TREATMENT.—When it is caused by emptiness of the cranium, it is only necessary to fill up the vacuum with good ideas, a solid education, or common sense. When induced by diminutiveness or malformation of the brain, the cure is slow and difficult. We have known some cases which defied every remedy and destroyed the patients. A cure must be attempted by exercising and cultivating those faculties which are deficient, such as the judgment and the understanding, and depleting self-esteem. The skulls of these patients are generally very thick and hard, so that it is hard pounding anything into them; but they are excessively fond of soft soap—give them a pound or two every day, and it will soften the skull so that you can probably get a little gumption into it, or a modicum ratiocination, and they will soon be well. When this will not cure, soft soap will palliate.

In the case of those gentlemen, from ten to twenty years old, who get to putting on the boots and pantaloons of their fathers, and to teaching their teachers, reproving, counselling and sometimes insulting old age, chewing tobacco, smoking cigars, and drinking whisky—swearing and cutting the dandy swell-head generally—appetite for late hours, bad company, and bar rooms voracious—a little oil of birch, applied by a parental hand, is the best remedy. Then keep them out of the night air and bad weather. If this does not effect a cure by the divine blessing, the head grows and grows, till the poor sufferer topples over a few times, and knocks out half his self-esteem.

WRT.—In speaking of the present condition of the Cumberland river, the Clarksville Chronicle has the following:

"The river continues dead low—just as low as it can be to maintain its identity as a river. We heard, several years ago, of its being so low that a rise of three feet was coming down, but could not get over the Shoals. It is now said to be so low that when a steamboat goes along you can see the dust flying up behind it!"

The Montgomery Mail says, in speaking of the Alabama river:

The Alabama is very low again, but such steamers as the Illinois Belle and middle-sized fish still navigate with ease.

A compositor on the Detroit Advertiser came to the office on Friday morning, and said he dreamed during the night that he saw his mother in her coffin, and the dream was so vivid and had affected him so deeply that he could not work. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon he received a telegraphic despatch announcing the death of his mother, which took place in Niagara, C. W., early in the morning.

The whole number of emigrants which have crossed the Mississippi at Dubuque since the 12th of April up to the 5th day of July, has been 819 families, consisting of 4054 members, having in their possession 1031 wagons, 1728 head of horses, 7722 head of cattle, and 11,700 sheep.

A THRILLING SCENE.

A submarine diver from Buffalo has at last succeeded in raising the safe of the American Express Company, which was lost when the steamer Atlantic was sunk off Long Point in 1852. It will be recollected that this steamer was instantly sunk by colliding of a propeller, and that a large number of passengers were lost. The diver was protected by copper armor and was under water forty minutes, during which time he had some strange adventures. The upper deck of the steamer lies 160 feet under water, and far below where there is any current or motion. Everything, therefore, is exactly as it first went down.

When the diver alighted upon the deck he was saluted by a beautiful lady, whose clothing was well arranged, and her hair elegantly dressed. As he approached her a movement of the water caused an oscillation of the head, as if gracefully bowing to him. She was standing erect with one hand grasping the rigging. Around lay the bodies of several others as if sleeping. Children holding their friends by their hands, and mothers with their babies in their arms were there. In the cabin, the furniture was still untouched by decay, and to all appearance had just been arranged by some careful and tasteful hand.

From the Memphis Eagle and Enquirer.

IMOGEN, BRIDE OF THE SEA.

BY MINNIE.

'Twas midnight on the water,
And a storm was on the sea,
And the raging winds were swelling high
Their furious minstrelsy.
And the clouds hung dark and fearful
Above the tossing wave,
And the lightning flashed, and the thunder
Crashed,
O'er many a billowy grave!

A storm was on the water,
And a tempest on the shore,
And the foaming surges lashed the rocks
With wild and deafening roar;
But amid the strife and darkness
A maiden walked the strand,
And above the night gleamed the ruddy light
Of watch-fires on the land.

Then wilder blew the tempest,
And the night grew blacker still,
But the flame leaped high and clear and bright
From watch-fires on the hill;
There were shouts of fiendish laughter
And howls of hellish glee,
But above them all, rose the maiden's call,
"Come back, my love, to me!"

A vessel in the distance
In distress, the signal gave,
And the quick, heart-piercing minute gun
Came booming o'er the wave;
And the maiden shrieked in terror,
And stretched her arms in vain,
For the brave and true, with his gallant crew,
Went down beneath the main!

Years passed—the lovely maiden
By the sea-side wandered still,
While she nightly lit the glowing flame
Of watch-fires on the hill;
Till the frost of age had whitened
Her dark, luxuriant hair,
While the weary slept, she had watched and wept,
In silent, deep despair.

'Twas midnight on the waters,
And the tempest swept the sea,
And the foaming waves leaped wild and high
And shouted in their glee.
Then the maiden saw a vessel
Glide toward her o'er the main,
And she knew the years of her watch through tears
Had not been kept in vain.

Still onward came the vessel,
And a voice rose loud and clear,
And the maiden knew the welcome call
As the phantom ship drew near.
Then a calm stole o'er the billow,
And the waves rolled high and free,
And the moon rose pale, as a white, white sail
Went gliding out to sea!

A land of wondrous beauty
Far across the blue sea's foam,
Where the sound of fairy music falls,
Is now their island home.
And the sailors say at midnight
When the waves roll light and free,
In the moonlight pale, is a white, white sail
Seen gliding o'er the sea!

How mournfully beautiful! Who is
"MINNIE?"

The Frontier (Texas) Patriot says wheat is selling in that (Lamar) county at fifty cents per bushel.

THE THREE PARTIES.

"Mr. Seward—the day for compromise has past.

"Mr. Toombs—I'm glad of it.

"Mr. Seward—And so am I.

"Mr. Crittenden—I would compromise to the last moment of time, provided we could preserve the original principles on which the government was erected."

The above extract from a recent debate in the Senate is, says a writer in the Alexandria Gazette, a fair and forcible exposition of the three parties now before the country. "Rule or ruin" is the spirit of two; to preserve and bless the country" is the ruling motive with nineteenth of the supporters of Millard Fillmore. With which party will a patriot of any name or denomination act at the present time?

The Sag Night editors in Tennessee are in the habit of magnifying every mole hill of an "Old Line Whig," who goes into their foul dens, as a mountain of light and influence; while they as unforgivably depreciate the worth and talents of those "mountains" who come out from their party, and join the Americans, into "mole hills." When they are able to show such an array of talents going from the American party to theirs, as we can of "old line democrats" coming from them to us, we shall think it time to treat their bold statements with some respect. We defy them to mention such an array of names as A. J. Donelson, Anthony W. Johnson, J. M. Quarles, Lucien M. Temple, and hosts of others that we might mention.—Franklin Review.

WELL ENOUGH TO REMEMBER IT.—The West Tennessee Whig refreshes the memories of its readers with the recollection of the fact that, in 1852, the Democratic leaders opposed Governor Jones' efforts in Tennessee, in favor of Gen. Scott, by charging that the reason the Governor was opposed to Mr. Fillmore, as the candidate of the Whig party at that time, was that Mr. Fillmore was sound on the slavery question; that Gen. Scott was an abolitionist; and that the Governor was playing into the hands of the enemies of the South. It will be well for the honest masses to watch these same leaders of the so-called Democratic party, and see how they will change their tune.—We say, watch them, ye candid honest men.

Col. Bissel, now running as the Fremont candidate for Governor of Illinois, is ineligible by the Constitution of that State, having accepted a challenge from Gen. Davis. By the Constitution of Illinois the Governor must swear that he never accepted or sent a challenge.

He [Joel Miller] lauded John C. Breckinridge to the skies, whom he described as a tall man with keen black eyes sharp enough to bore a hole through a Know Nothing in the winking of an eye. *Hopkinsville Patriot.*

Does the young man mean to say that Mr. Breckinridge has gimlet-eyes.—*Lou-Jour.*

A fashionable watering place, on the gulf shore, known as "Last Island," was overflowed by the tide water a few days ago, and one hundred and fifty persons were drowned. The full particulars have not yet reached us, we are indebted to a gentleman on the Wharf boat for the above facts.—*Mem. Eagle.*

The antics of the South tell us that their party in the North is sound on all National questions, and we give the following as an evidence of this: "Mayor Stevens, of Buffalo, elected as a democrat by 1,000 majority, is a member of the Fremont Club of that city. Three of the present democratic Aldermen are also members." Banks is a Democrat, Chase a Democrat, and Sumner a Democrat; still we are told that the nest in which they were raised continues pure.

We have just seen it stated that those who pay their printer's bill are never struck by lightning.

Mary, a negro woman belonging to Dr. J. H. Hundley, near Mooresville, Ala., gave birth on the 10th inst., to three living children, two whites and one black. It will puzzle medical fraternity to account for this singular event.

VITALITY OF INSECTS.

If the head of a mammiferous quadruped, or of a bird is cut off, the consequences of course are fatal. But the most dreadful wounds that imagination can figure or cruelty inflict, have scarcely any destructive influence on the vital functions of many of the inferior creatures. Luen-hock had a mite which lived eleven weeks transfixed on a point for microscopical investigation. Valliant caught a locust at the Cape of Good Hope, and after evacuating the intestines, he filled the abdomen with cotton and stuck a stout pin through the thorax, and yet the feet and antennae were in full play after the lapse of five months. In the beginning of November, Redi opened the skull of land tortoise, and removed the entire brain. A fleshy intergrowth was observed to form over the opening, and the animal lived six months. Spallanzani cut the hearts out of three newts [in Scotland called asks], which immediately took flight, leaped, swam, and executed their usual functions for forty-eight hours. A decapitated beetle will advance over a table, and recognize a precipice on approaching the edge. Redi cut off the head of a tortoise, which survived eighteen days. Colonel Pringle decapitated several libellulae, or dragon flies, one of which lived afterwards for four months, and another survived for six months; and what seems rather odd in connection with this circumstance, he could never succeed in keeping alive those with their heads on, above a few days at the farthest.—*Barton's Dollar Monthly.*

The Lexington Observer says of the late election in that State:

Out of the twelve Judges heard from, six are Americans; five Democrats; and one Whig. Of the two Chancellors, the Americans have one and made no nomination for the other.

The Sumter [S. C.] Watchman says: "Let Preston S. Brooks be our next Governor without a dissenting voice—not as a reward, but as a testimonial of our high appreciation of patriotism, firmness, dignity and statesmanship."

Jno. Mitchell, the Irish exile, who says he is not an American citizen, has published a long letter telling the American people that they ought to vote for Buchanan. Mr. Mitchell indulges, what is quite natural to him, no doubt, an intense hatred for Great Britain; and he thinks if Buchanan should be elected a war with that power might ensue. The American people ought to feel immensely thankful to the "poor exile of Erin," whose home is now among the "thunderous Alleghanies," for condescending to instruct them in the exercise of a privilege which he does not possess himself.

A letter in the Richmond Dispatch, Green county, Va., says:

"For the past two weeks our county has been visited with a malignant epidemic, which the doctors call typhoid flux. It has proven fatal in a great many cases—some thirty or forty have died from it. It is still raging, though supposed to be on the decrease."

The New York Herald says that letters had been received in Washington, saying that Mr. Soule had left New Orleans for Central America. Many reports were in circulation as to the object of his visit.

An old lady walked into the office of a Judge of Probate in Massachusetts once upon a time and asked:

"Are you the Judge of Probates?"

"I am the Judge of Probate."

"Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady, "you see my father died detested, and he left several little infidels, and I want to be the executioner."

A witty editor of the Buchanan school, who has just failed, said he did it with all the honors of war, and has retired from the field with colors flying—sheriffs' rags fluttering from the windows and door.

FALSE REPORT.—The Sag Night papers have circulated the story that the Philadelphia Times has gone over to Fremont. The Times is a staunch Fillmore paper. We simply say to our readers, believe what you don't see in the anti-American papers, and very little do see, and you will be found on the path of truth. How terrible to get a bad name.

ZOLLIFFER'S LETTER.

The Appeal has got a good deal to say about Mr. Zollicoffer's letter which Gen. Haskell read during his last speech at Odd Fellows' Hall. The letter is private, but the following extract from it, [which we have been permitted to make,] this is that part of it which troubled our neighbor so much:

"Mr. Fillmore will carry New York, New Jersey, and I think California. Mr. Buchanan will probably carry no Northern State but Pennsylvania. Fremont will probably get the remaining 108 votes of the North. If Buchanan could add the whole electoral vote of the South [120] to the vote of Pennsylvania [27] he would fail of an election by the popular vote, by two votes. If Mr. Fillmore could unite the South to New York he would be elected by the popular vote. Why, should we not urge that view in the South? Why not put upon Buchanan's friends the onus of defending an election in the House? where his suggestions to Jackson and Clay imply he would be good at intrigue and where, if he failed his friends think Breckinridge would become President in default of House election."

The above extract speaks itself. No comment is necessary.—*Memphis Eagle.*

The Boston Courier, one of the most careful and best informed papers of that city, says:

"The friends of Mr. Fillmore are in a plurality in the State of Massachusetts at this day, and they will continue to increase until the time of the election."

The Franklin, Tenn. Review, says Dr. R. N. Dashiell, of Shelbyville, an old line Democrat, and at various times editor of the Democratic organ in that place, has come out boldly for Fillmore and Donelson. Huzzah!

A GOOD ONE.—The following is reported as having lately happened in Bristol county:

A witty clergyman being accosted by an old acquaintance by the name of Cobb, replied,

"I don't know you, sir."

"My name is Cobb," rejoined the man, who was about half seas over.

"Ah, sir," replied the clergyman, "you have so much corn on you I didn't see the cob."

The Union Democrat, published at Selinsgrove, Pa., runs up the Fillmore and Donelson flag, and says that the Americans and Whigs of the county will go almost en masse for Fillmore and Donelson.

"Humble as I am," said a bullying spouter to a mass meeting of the untried, "I still remember that I am a fraction of this magnificent republic." "You are indeed," said a bystander, "and a vulgar one at that."

The old Whig party was a national party; The American party is the old Whig Party; The American party is a sectional factional organization.—*Vide Anti-Stamp Orators.*

A question for the debating clubs:—Will Mr. Buchanan be a candidate for the Presidency, at the November election?

The Nashville Patriot gives the names of Geo. W. Jones, Andrew Johnson, and S. C. Pavatt, as the only three prominent Democrats in Tennessee who have yet dared to defend Buchanan's doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty. The Knoxville Register says you may add the name of Col. John H. Crozier to your list, as another prominent Democrat, gentlemen of the Patriot, and tell our friends over the way, that there are now four of them.

The New York Tribune is out in an article defending what it calls "Freedom of the Pulpit"—that is, to allow the clergy to discard the Bible and preach about politics and Sharpe's rifles. Fortunately many of the Tribune's followers are denouncing this new *ism*.

The Reading, Pa., Journal, truthfully says: "Disguise it as the politicians may, Mr. Fillmore has stronger hold upon the masses than any other candidate in the field. The people know him—trust in him and will vote for him when the time comes, despite the efforts of agitators and sectionalists, either in the North or South."